

The Man in the Moon drink Claret,

As it was lately sung at the Curtain Holy well
to the same tune.

95

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After printed them in the Book



B Accus the Father of drunken Poles,
Full Pazers Beakers Glasses bottles
Grease Flapjacks Flemish Apple freeze
With healths stab'd in arms upon naked knees
Of all his wines he makes you tasters,
So you tippie like Bumbasters.
Drink till you reel a welcome he doth give,
How the won Claret makes you live,
Not a painter purer Colour shows,
Then what's laid on by Claret.
Pearl and ruby both set out the nose
When thin small beer doth mar it.

Rich wine is good,
It heats the blood,
It makes an old man luscious.
The young to hazard.
And Drawers up call,
Before being too much musty.
Whether you drink all or little,
Not it so your selves you whistle,
Then though twelve
A clock it be
Yet all the way go roaring,
If the band,
Of bills cry stand.

Sweats that you must a who?
Such Gambols, such tricks, such Agaries,
We fetch though we touch no Canaries,
French wine till the welkin roares,
And cry out a for of your scores.

In wine we call for bawdy Jiggs,
Cayzer Rumbloes, Whirligigs,
Crambo got in the bust-cap vain.

The Dittell in the places you wot where raised
Where wine it is thus tickles our heels,
Shall's well in wine none sorrow feels.
Our won man and his Powder hat mad cross
That caper through the liquor sweet turnep juice
Round about over tables and joy's stools,
Let's dance with naked Rapiers.
Cut the fiddle strings and then like fools,
Kick out the sum sum scrapers.

There is no sound,
The eares can wound
As lids of wine pots clinking
Wheres no such sport
When all amost

Men cry lets fall to drinking,
O tis nappy gear,
Would each belly was fill'd here
Herrings pickel'd
Must be tickel'd,
Down to drain the liquor,
The salt Hammon
And fat Gammon,

Makes your wine drink quicker.
Our man in the won drinks Claret,
With Powder hat turnep and Carret.
If he doth so why should not you
Drink wine untill the sky looks blew,
Hey for a turn thus above ground hey,
O my noddle too heavy both way
Petheglin Perry Sydet nor Strong Ale,
Are half so heavy be they nere so stale
Wine in our guts can never rumble,
Down now and than though it make us stumble
Pet scrambling up a drunkard feels no pain
But cries Aha boy tother pottle again,
We can drink no more unless we have
full pipes of Trinidado,
Give us the best it keeps our brains
more warm then can fraxado.

It makes us sing,
And cry hey sing,
And laugh when Pipes be broken/
For which to pay
At going away,

We scozn a Mustard Token,
Peter curse the sawcy scoze
Out swear the bar you'll pay no more.

In these dapes
He is no Gallant,
That cannot puff and swagger
Though he dare not kill a sheep,
Pet out must slye his Dagger.
If then you do love me Dast Claret,
Fat Powder hat turnep and Carret,
Come agen and agen
And still welcome Gentlemen.